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INNIS HERALD

VOLUME 3

NUMBER 1

Grab an Eyeful

BY RON PUSHCHAK

Well people... have I got words! First to those freshmen who are picking up a Herald for the first time.... I notice that many of you signed up or gave indication that you were coming to initiation and orientation camp weekend. But, only a handful showed up... Aha, be praised! In my vital calculations I forgot to consider that Innis people eat like death row prisoners on execution day, with the result that there was only enough grub to go around. Now that the game is over, however, let's look at the videotape highlights: Students and Profs argued and discussed until faces were blue... Ted yelled 'marshmallows' until his face was the same... Bob was caught damaging a valuable white fence and I poisoned all and sundry. But the whole bag was groovy. You cats who blew it, Tough!... What's up at the college this year? Good question Rotunda. Well some of the old troopers like Brain Harris and Ron Tanaka fell victim to the bad epidemic of summer marriages that was going around. Tsk! Tsk! Jimbo and I cleverly avoided it by a conscientious refusal to date the many females craving our attentions. Professor Payzant has left Innis to Recuperate for a decade or two while a new Staff Member, Mr. Par-

ker, follows in Mary Pat's footsteps. No! he doesn't wear high heels! It has also leaked out that the students have decided to give the 'Boss' for the group at the Psychedelic dance. Our Pres, Ken Stone, is back again disturbing more faecal matter. This time about Student Power and Student Discipline. If these terms taste bad in the mouth, ask Ken for a translation. The prize for Big Brother goes to Laird Elliot for sleeping through breakfast. Thanks go

to Dr. Harris who condemned the entire mess but came anyway. Also to Ralph who put the fisheye on the entire program. Also to Toni for the bananas (sucker!). More grats to Mrs. Cotter for riding shotgun on the women's dorm and to peeping Tim. Thanks to George for true art at the Happening and thanks to the Student Advisory bureau from my psychiatrist. And thank God it's over! More in the next Herald. Bye!

EDITORIAL

Destructiveism is one of the new theories of art spawned by the 'Underground'. The exponents of this movement claim that for a work of art to be perfect, it must be both created and destroyed. Thus, the great paintings and sculpture destroyed in the flooding of Florence last fall reached the ultimate perfection. This is a perverted and sadistic theory. But the question is, Where are its roots? Art is a mirror of the society in which it is created. For example, the humanist artists of the Renaissance created works which reflected their interest in man and his place in the universe. Conversely, Andy Warhol's painstakingly correct soup cans tes-

tify our preoccupations with the trivial. Are the people of the 1960s so cynical and disillusioned that they believe either consciously or subconsciously that the only way their world can reach perfection is to annihilate it completely?

ATTENTION FRESHMEN!

All freshmen are cordially invited to the annual Innis College Dinner to be held in the Great Hall of Hart House on Thursday evening, November 9, at 7:15 p.m. We ask that you make a point of indicating whether or not you will attend by informing the college office through Miss Rycroft, on or before Tuesday, Oct. 31.

guess what people.....

Innis is where it's at

BY KEN STONE

There has been some discussion recently concerning the approaching implementation of such concepts as unstructured education and increased student participation in academic and administrative affairs. At Innis these projects have already begun.

Unstructured education, the proposed program of the new Rochdale College, is a process in which students study only those subjects which interest them. No credits are given and study is carried on only for the sake of learning. In connection with these studies will be student-centred teaching and group dynamics. In student-centred teaching, the ideas do not come from an authority figure lecturing at the group but from the group itself. If the group members begin to learn about themselves and contribute to a common understanding based on the exchange of ideas, then the situation becomes one of group dynamics.

At Innis we have always had seminars, tutorials, and the writing lab, all on a voluntary basis. This year, however, the seminars have been eliminated and a fund of \$1000 has been established which will be avail-

able to all students of Innis College who wish to arrange seminars on any topic. This extracurricular arrangement at Innis closely approximates the type of incurricular learning to be practised at Rochdale.

Group dynamics came to Innis by chance during the orientation program and turned out to be a new kind of learning experience for most of us. We have decided to continue it in two ways. First, Ted Montgomery is presently organizing another weekend, probably at Caledon and similar to the freshman weekend; and secondly Bob Bossin plans a group dynamics experiment within the College with the aid of the Student Advisory Bureau.

In the area of student participation, Innis College is far and away from the most advanced institutions on campus. Students have not only participated in both the traditional giving and receiving ends of the tutorial and seminar programs - two students were tutors - but have even been in on the planning -- but now with the \$1000 fund for seminars, the onus upon the student for action is even greater.

In the College's administra-

tive affairs, it is enough to point out that five students now sit as assessors on the College Council and that we expect their elevation to full members by decision of the Board of Governors at their next meeting.

This is not to say that the ICSS will not do its share to encourage increased participation at the university level. On the contrary, the ICSS executive has already commissioned Sue Stoess to hold a Monte Carlo night Thursday night in the common room for SHARE: gambling on campus is a CAPUT offense. A Sir John A. Macdonald Birthday Party offering (in memory of his spirit) free beer to all Innis people over 21 is also planned: liquor is forbidden to undergraduates on campus. The reason behind this deliberate defiance of Caput regulations is that, in this 'academic community' of ours, an entire group exists unfranchised -- we, the students. We break the rules because we had no say in the making of them and therefore are showing our displeasure.

Finally, to round out the program of 'Innis, Where It's At', come the more traditional college activities such as dances, sports, the Herald, and the debating and art clubs. All these activities have just begun and interested people are always welcome to join in. Most of where it's at at Innis is the common room, so if anything in this article grabs you, do drop in.

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Rankin Inlet

Centennial Celebrations

BY
JOHN BAYLY

ed. note: John Bayly, a member of the first graduating class, spent the summer at the Canadian wildlife Camp near Rankin Inlet, a settlement of 400 people on the west shore of Hudson's Bay. John was president of the ICSS for two years and editor of the Innis Herald last year. He plans to spend this year teaching the Eskimos in northern Québec.

The fun began on June 17th with the Rankin Centennial Sports day. The children raced in the morning and the winners of the rock and spoon race - eggs are too precious a commodity in the Keewatin - wore their ribbons like war heroes. In the afternoon, the adults had a round of novelty races which included running under a fifty-yard long whale net. Some of the women with their hair in pin-curls became tangled in the mesh, but those with their parka hoods up had cleverly forseen this hazard. The

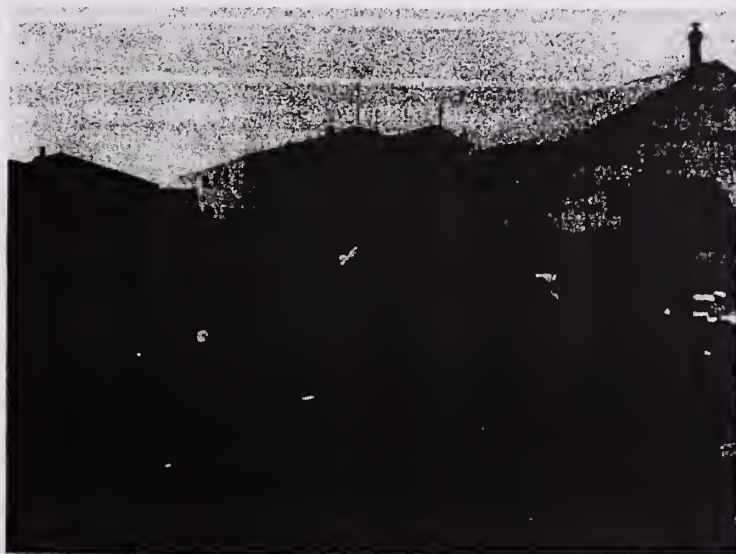
chief event of the day was a skidoo race on the sea ice. The course was difficult because the ice was rough and covered in places with a foot of water. More than one skidoo was flooded out of the race. The finish was close and exciting, with John Tatty edging out the assistant manager of the Hudson's Bay store at the last minute for the ten dollar prize. At the end of the races the Eskimo children went

through over one hundred worth of hot dogs in true Canadian fashion.

On the evening of July 1st the people of Rankin Inlet danced in the streets. Men, women and children joined in a half hour Paul Jones and some wild and exhausting square dances. Warmed by a huge bonfire, Eskimo and Kabloona danced to the light of a sun which never really sets. The evening finished with the singing of Frère Jacques and Alouette, led by two French Canadians from Québec City.

The birthday party was over, but to usher in Canada's second century on July 6th, Allen Mills gave a folk-singing concert. Mr. Mills chose songs which would tell the Eskimos of the people of Southern Canada. He hoped that he would be able to take an Eskimo song back to the south with him.

Rankin is a community which has to be practical even in celebrations. This is reflected in their Centennial project - a skidoo shop where the men can come to work on their own machines. Since the skidoo is rapidly replacing the dog sled as the means of transportation, this centennial project is of vital importance to the community.



Women's Obstacle Race

Speaking Out.....

by Bill Usher

The great Inniscent's '67 experiment is over. The Big Brothers have hibernated. Thirty new faces are now sipping hot chocolate, learning how to play bridge and reading the Varsity between glances at the door to see who just came in. Beware of them people. They've decided to become a part of the infamous 'In Group' of Innis College... people who know where it's at but do it here. They are Innis's latest crop of brash young extroverts fresh from the high school system.

Freshmen... let me welcome you to the official card holding Innis College 'In Group'. Our numbers are small, but don't try to be a rebel and buck us, baby, because we hold a monopoly on everything that happens around here. And only our members can run dances and hold elections or sell popcorn in the common room. And remember, if anyone wants something done, be the first to volunteer -- it looks good when you decide to run for the Executive.

You have probably noticed already the matter-of-factness and nonchalance of all our charter members. But don't let them fool you. It wasn't always like this. All summer we've been in a state of chaos... working out how to orient you into this big, wide world of university life -- Utopia in the skies (with diamonds). Ron fiddled with his beads and played Big Daddy. The rest of us assumed the roles of Big Brothers and acted as if we knew what we were doing. We planned nothing although we cleverly disguised it, in order to show everybody that we had learned from all the mistakes made last year. 'We know what the freshmen want,' we all said,

'and when they see what we've got planned for them, man, I'll bet we'll have to bar the doors.'

Well, 'In Group', you all came to our Initiation Week and a great time was had by one and all. You liked our love-in, our song fests, our planned Happening and I liked the dance. According to you, we were successful. But we weren't done with you yet! The Big Weekend was ahead where we had planned all sorts of goodies. After three soul-baring, navel-gazing (aren't you sorry you didn't come now?) meetings the Big Brothers had with Don, Dave, and Farrel of the Student Advisory Bureau, all our structured plans disappeared. We were left with spaghetti on Saturday night, porridge the morning after, wieners for lunch and the bus was coming at four. This was our unstructured structure.

It was at the first meeting that things started to go wrong. By the second meeting we had started something which began to grow to a great extent. We were actually listening to each other talk -- all in one room together discussing honestly and sincerely what we were not going to do on the weekend. Again we left with no plans made, and the next day, Thursday, was our last meeting.

You guessed it! Thursday night was spent around a boardroom table, people with their legs up, just fifteen or so people interested in what the other guy had to say. I remember we talked about making Mr. Wolfson's talk non-compulsory (ditto Dr. Harris's), and deciding that we didn't want the Profs to talk formally, but just to talk. We talked about sex

and liquor -- will we or won't we? Nothing was decided, nobody got drunk and... we talked about just plain talking; how to say hello, what to do if you turn somebody off. How can we turn them on? We talked about everything doing what they wanted, regardless of what somebody else wanted. But what I remember most is the atmosphere of friendliness and comradeship that we all shared in that room. We had finally arrived at what we wanted the weekend to be.

The weekend came and went, In-Groupers you were all there and structure was batting .750: all the meals came off as planned but the bus was two hours late.

The following Monday night we met again, this time with a few Freshmen present ready to tell us what had happened. You told us that you thought the purpose of the weekend was to have a good time and to meet new friends -- this you accomplished. Apparently we, the Big Brothers, thought we should tell you a little about the life we lead at the university: we would tell you the good and the bad. But you didn't seem to want to be told what it's all about (perhaps if we had confined ourselves to the good?), you want to learn and

find out for yourselves and that's great if you're being honest with yourselves. But next year, In-Group, let's remember what the people want and then give it to them. Let's cut out this farcical nonsense about 'initiation' and 'orientation'. What the hell did we do but just let you get to meet people? And isn't that enough? Let's just call it 'Get to know thy brother week'. And then we'll all be happy.